

# **Who Wants To Catch You Before You Fall**

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## Who Wants To Catch You Before You Fall by itsatrashysideblog (MiriB)

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**Genre:** Alternate Universe, Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence, Alternate Universe - No Pennywise, Amateur Detective!Bill Denbrough, Angst, Gen, Kidnapping, Mystery

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Ben Hanscom, Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough, Bill's Parents, Eddie Kaspbrak, Mike Hanlon, Richie Tozier, Stanley Uris, The Losers Club (IT)

**Relationships:** Bill Denbrough & His Parents, Bill Denbrough & The Losers Club

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**Warnings:** No Archive Warnings Apply

**Chapters:** 1

**Words:** 871

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**Summary:**

AU in which Pennywise doesn't exist, but kids are still going missing in Derry – is it the work of a serial killer, or is there something else going on? Featuring Amateur Detective Bill! And a whole lot of angst and heartbreak. See if you can solve the mystery before Bill does!

## Who Wants To Catch You Before You Fall

In 1988, Bill Denbrough's life was changed forever. In the summer of 1989, his life truly came crashing down. Bill still hadn't gotten over the mysterious disappearance of his little brother Georgie when other kids started to vanish without a trace. When the police started calling it the work of a serial killer, it didn't sit right with him. In the months when Georgie had been the only missing kid, Bill had eavesdropped on conversations between the police and his parents over what had happened, and not once did they even say that it could be a serial killer. The general consensus had been that it was an accident, even Bill's parents believed this, but there were those who believed that without a body, there could be something slightly more sinister afoot. As it turned out, they were right.

Bill had barely slept since his brother's death and was determined to work out what had happened. He desperately needed the closure finding Georgie's body would bring. There would always be a part of Bill that would blame himself for what happened. *If he'd just gone with Georgie. If he hadn't been sick. If he hadn't agreed to make that paper boat.* But what ifs brought him no comfort. On the other hand, a possible serial killer preying on the children of Derry? That gave Bill someone to blame. With very little thought he decided that *he* was the one who would solve this mystery and bring the culprit to justice – for Georgie's sake.

Naturally he dragged the Losers' Club into his scheme, and they were mostly happy to help. Bill stringed them along with speeches of how they'd get justice for Georgie, and make the town safe. Time wore on, and the group's investigations did actually manage to find evidence, but soon enough talk turned to the fact it was summer, and they should be having fun, not trying to hunt down a serial killer. Bill knew from the start that he was the only one truly committed, but it still hurt that his friends weren't willing to help him see his investigation through until the end.

Every night Bill pored over his notebook where he'd written down every shred of evidence he and the Losers' Club had managed to find – from Betty Ripsom's shoe in the sewer, to all the entrances and

exits of the sewers that were spread underneath the town like tentacles. The section that enraptured Bill the most was where he wrote down notes about his suspects. He could read and re-read those pages a thousand times and still want just one more look. Bill was completely convinced that somewhere in his pages was the answer to who killed Georgie.

However, one ill-fated Saturday in the middle of summer, Bill was stunned to walk into his bedroom and see his father holding his notebook – he mustn't have hidden it well enough. Bill was worried by the look on his dad's face – it might have been concern, it was more likely just disappointment. Bill tried to explain that he was helping, that he was going to find out what happened to Georgie, but his father didn't want to hear it. The journal that Bill had spent countless hours poring over was thrown into the trash outside. But a stern warning from his father wasn't going to stop Bill. He was in too deep to give up now. So that night as the clock ticked past midnight, Bill crept outside of his house, flashlight in hand, to steal back what was rightfully his. But as he shone his light into the old garbage can beside the house, the item he so desperately wanted was not to be found. He clawed his way through the bags of trash, searched every crevice of the rusty bin, and still came away empty handed.

At first Bill just thought his dad must have thrown the notebook away somewhere else so he couldn't find it, but the next day one of Bill's prime suspects was arrested. Apparently there had been an anonymous tip that sent the police crashing through the door of an apartment, where they found all sorts of evidence linking Bill's suspect to the murders – including Betty Ripsom's shoe.

It was too perfect. Someone had taken Bill's notebook.

No one besides the Losers' Club had known about Bill's notebook, and they surely wouldn't have stolen it. And who else would want it? Bill believed the logical conclusion was that the real murderer had taken his book. A book that no one should have known about. Had they known about his investigation? Had they been watching him? Deep down inside, Bill was scared to his bones.

He didn't tell his friends about the stolen notebook, he pretended all

was well, that the serial killer had been caught and they could rest easy. After all, no more kids had disappeared since the arrest was made. And truly a part of Bill tried to believe it was over. Tried to move on and forget about his notes. But he'd read those pages too many times to ever forget. The real killer was still out there, and Bill was going to find him, no matter what.

**Author's Note:**

A short first chapter but it was the perfect place to end before the next chapter gets rolling.

Let me know your thoughts!